

OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

STATE TREASURY FLOURISHES.

Increase in Taxes and License Money Indicates Prosperity.

Salem—If the business done by the departments of the state government, and the reports of those departments may be considered as barometers of the general prosperity of the state, then the state at large is in a very flourishing condition. Chief Clerk F. K. Lovell, of the secretary of state's office, states that in some divisions the work of that department has increased over 50 per cent in the past year. After deducting insurance fees, which have been paid to the insurance commissioner since March 1, the secretary of state's office has paid into the treasury from October 1, 1908, to September 30, 1909, fees amounting to \$63,334.58, as compared to \$53,952.06 from October 1, 1907, to September 1, 1908.

Automobile licenses issued for the first six months of 1909 reached the total of 1064, as compared to 643 for the same period in the preceding year.

Cash statement of the state treasurer for the nine months ending September 30, 1909, shows a larger balance in the common school fund than ever before in the history of the state. The first mortgage loans now amount to \$4,534,147.45; school district bonds, \$186,825; certificates of sale of state lands, \$548,586.02; a total irreducible school fund of \$5,269,845.64. The agricultural college fund amounts to \$189,819.03, and the university fund to \$95,136.75, a total educational fund of more than \$5,500,000. There was an increase of first mortgage loans during September of about \$54,000.

The treasurer's cash summary shows cash on hand January 1, 1909, \$92,147.45; receipts, \$2,392,514.36; transfers, \$3,874.35; disbursements, \$2,657,482.73; cash on hand, September 30, 1909, \$627,179.07; total, \$3,319,536.15.

FISH MONOPOLY BROKEN.

Interests of Late R. D. Hume to Be Sold at Public Sale.

Marshfield—The monopoly of the fishing rights held for so many years by the interests of the late R. D. Hume will soon be broken, as the entire estate is to be sold at private sale this month. After Mr. Hume's death the fisheries and cannery were closed, but were opened for a short time this fall. On account of the approaching sale, the fisheries were closed after 400 cases of canned salmon had been shipped. Since they were closed, the Union Fisheries company is said to have made a haul with seines which netted 1500 fish.

The gasoline schooner Gerald C., which was formerly owned by the Hume estate, has been sold, and has made her last trip to Rogue river. She will be taken to Astoria.

For over 30 years R. D. Hume controlled the fishing rights, owning both sides of the river for 12 miles up from the bar. He had his own fish hatchery and cannery plant, and made a fortune out of the business. The people in the Rogue river valley assert that it is the finest fishing stream in the country.

Squatters Make Filings.

Marshfield—About 40 men have filed homestead claims in townships 24 and 25, range 9. It was unsurveyed land, the survey of which has been accepted, and those who filed were persons who had squatted on the land some years ago. There was little opportunity for new homesteaders, for the reason that scrip has been placed on all of the land by the Northern Pacific and other large interests. Those who filed for homesteads claim that they have a squatter's right, and some declare they will take the cases to court to defend their claims.

Bend Sends Exhibit.

Bend—A well-assorted exhibit of the dry-farming products of the Bend country has been dispatched to the forthcoming dry-farming congress at Billings, Mont. The samples of the local irrigationless productions are entered in the congress by the Bend board of trade, with whom John I. Springer, freight and passenger agent of the Great Northern railroad, arranged for the display. This is the first official publicity work done by the Hill interests in Oregon.

Roseburg Signs Contract.

Roseburg—All members of the Roseburg committee signed the contract for construction of the Roseburg-to-Coos Bay electric railroad. Messrs. Kuettner and Haas, of Portland, with whom the contract is made, will build the line. They are expected here in a few days, and will then post a bond in the sum of \$100,000 for construction of the road within two years. Surveyors will be put into the field at once.

Debate Topic Is Chosen.

University of Oregon, Eugene—With Superintendent A. M. Sanders, of Albany, president, and Professor E. E. Decon, of the mathematical department of the University of Oregon, secretary, the Oregon High School Debating League starts on a prosperous year. The league now contains practically every four-year high school in the state.

Albany—One of the biggest shipments of sheep ever made from the Willamette valley was loaded at the Albany depot. Approximately 2500 sheep were loaded, and the shipment filled 24 single-deck cars. A special train will carry the sheep to Portland. The animals were collected in Linn and Benton counties by W. D. Brown, of Corvallis.

Large Land Tract Sold.

Oregon City—H. A. and J. L. Kruse have sold 140 acres of land near Wilsonville to George McBride, a son of Supreme Court Justice McBride, who will plant the property into five-acre tracts. The price was \$125 per acre.

WORK ON CEMENT PLANT.

Big Enterprise at Oswego Will Soon Be Under Way.

Portland—Advices have just reached Portland from S. B. Newberry, the eminent cement expert, that samples of raw material from which the Portland Cement company will manufacture cement at its plant at Oswego have stood a tensile strength of 630 pounds when only seven days old. At the age of 28 days, the same product has tested 780 pounds. An inch cube briquette, consisting of one-fourth cement and three-fourths sand, tested 280 pounds in seven days and 392 pounds in four weeks. These tests are regarded as remarkable, from the fact that no cement in the world, not excepting the foreign manufactured product, will excel this record. The same samples also withstood the steam boiling test, which is the most severe test that can be made.

The Portland Cement company, which consists of Portland, Salt Lake, Ogden and Los Angeles capitalists, next month will begin the construction of its 1500-barrel plant at Oswego. It is expected that the plant will be completed and in operation in about fifteen months. Its cost, completed, will be approximately \$1,000,000.

Bank Issues Paper Money.

Eugene—The First National bank of Eugene will soon put into circulation \$33,000 worth of its bank notes in \$5 denomination. On account of the influx of Eastern people here, who have been in the habit of handling paper money, and who prefer it to the gold, the bank has planned to meet the demand. The exchange requires the signature of T. G. Hendricks, president, and P. E. Snodgrass, cashier of the bank, and each note, and the bankers are now busy with the 6000 signatures that they must make before the notes can be put into circulation.

Bourne Promises Aid.

Oregon City—United States Senator Jonathan Bourne was the guest here of the Commercial club at a smoker that was attended by all the prominent business and professional men of the city. The affair was very informal. Senator Bourne promised to do what he could to bring about desired improvements, such as the removal of the rapids at the mouth of Clackamas river and the construction of a federal building at Oregon City.

Y. M. C. A. Forms in High School.

Eugene—A Young Men's Christian Association has been organized at the Eugene high school. The officers of the new organization are: Francis Yoran, president; Harold Young, vice-president; Ernest Scott, secretary; Charles Hard, treasurer; Ernest Armstrong, editor.

National Bank for Bandon.

Washington—The application of J. W. Roberts, of Pierre, S. D.; H. L. Houston, A. McNair, O. A. Trowbridge, E. E. Oakes and P. E. Stearns to organize the First National bank of Bandon, Or., with \$25,000 capital, has been approved by the controller of the currency.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Track prices: Bluestem, 95c; club, 95c; red Russian, 87c; valley, 91c; life, 89c; Turkey red, 89c; forty-fold, 92c.

Barley—Feed, \$26.50; brewing, \$27.50 @28 per ton.

Oats—No. 1 white, \$27.50 @28 per ton. Corn—Whole, \$35; cracked, \$36 per ton.

Hay—Timothy, Willamette valley, \$14 @17 per ton; Eastern Oregon, \$18 @19; alfalfa, \$14; clover, \$14; cheat, \$13 @14.50; grain hay, \$14 @15.

Butter—City creamery, extras, 36c; fancy outside creamery, 33 @36c per pound; store, 22 1/4 @24c. (Butter pat prices average 1 1/4c per pound under regular butter prices.)

Eggs—Oregon, 33 @34c per dozen; Eastern, 28 @30c per dozen.

Poultry—Hens, 14 @14 1/2c; springs, 14c; roosters, 9 @10c; ducks, 15 @16c; geese, 9 @10c; turkeys, 17 @18c; squabs, 17.50 @2 per dozen.

Pork—Fancy, 8 1/2 @9c per pound. Veal—Extra, 10 @10 1/2c per pound.

Fresh Fruits—Apples, new, \$1.25 @2.50 per box; pears, \$1 @1.75 per box; peaches, 75c @1 per crate; cantaloupes, \$1 @1.50 per crate; watermelons, 1c per pound; grapes, 75c @1.10 per crate, 10 @15c per basket; casabas, \$1.25 @1.50 per dozen; quinces, \$1 @1.25 per box; cranberries, 9c per barrel; huckleberries, 9 @10c per pound.

Potatoes—Buying prices: Oregon, 60 @65c per sack; sweet potatoes, 2c per pound.

Sack Vegetables—Turnips, 75c @1 per sack; carrots, \$1; beets, \$1.25; rutabagas, \$1.25 per sack.

Onions—New, \$1.25 per sack. Vegetables—Cabbage, 1 @1 1/4c per pound; cauliflower, 50c @1 per dozen; celery, 50 @75c per dozen; corn, \$1 @1.25 per dozen; eggplant, \$1.25 per box; garlic, 10c per pound; homestead, 9 @10c per pound; peppers, 5 @6c per pound; pumpkins, 1 @1 1/4c; radishes, 15c per dozen; sprouts, 8 @9c per pound; squash, 1 1/2 @1 1/4c; tomatoes, 50 @60c.

Cattle—Steers, top quality, \$4.25 @4.35; fair to good, \$4; common, \$3.50 @3.75; cows, top, \$3.25 @3.35; fair to good, \$3 @3.10; common to medium, \$2.50 @2.75; calves, top, \$5 @5.25; heavy, \$3.50 @4; bulls, \$2 @2.25; stags, \$2.50 @3.50.

Hogs—Best, \$7.25 @8; fair to good, \$7.50 @7.75; stockers, \$6 @7; China fats, \$7.50 @8.

Sheep—Top wethers, \$4 @4.25; fair to good, \$3.50 @3.75; ewes, 1/2c less on all grades; yearlings, best, \$4 @4.25; fair to good, \$3.50 @3.75; spring lambs, \$5 @5.50.

Wool—1909 Willamette valley, 20 @24c; Eastern Oregon, 20 @23c; mohair, 1909, 23 @24c.

GREAT FAIR IS CLOSED.

Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition Ends With Many Ceremonies.

Seattle, Wash., Oct. 18.—At midnight Saturday the 150,000 electric lights of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition were extinguished, closing the prosperous life of the world's fair of 1909, which, from every standpoint, was more successful than its most zealous friends had dared to hope.

The final moments of the fair were as dramatic as its beginning on June 1, when 40,000 people gathered at the natural amphitheater and waited for President Taft's signal. The last day had been devoted to saying good-bye. The sun shone bright, the flowers were never more beautiful, and the whole exposition looked as new and fresh as on the day of the opening.

The attendance was large, and, while the carnival spirit possessed the young, there was sorrow for the passing of the brilliant show.

The exercises of the closing hours began at 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon with a display of Japanese fireworks. The exposition band paraded from building to building, serenading each. The United States Government building was reached at 5:30 o'clock, its daily closing hour. A corset sounded "taps" and the band played "Auld Lang Syne." The flag was hauled down, the life-saving crew on Lake Union fired 21 guns, and the buildings' doors were locked.

At night a great throng of people assembled at the natural amphitheater, beside Lake Washington, and listened to a classical concert by a band which played waltzes for the frivolous and Chopin's funeral march and other somber pieces for the sorrowing. At 11:30 o'clock the exposition officials and employees marched from the Administration building to the amphitheater to await the stroke of midnight.

On the stage, Josiah Collins, chairman of the committee on ceremonies, presided, and spoke briefly. President J. E. Chilberg made an address of thanks and farewell, and exactly at 12 o'clock opened a switch that darkened the whole fair. A single bugler blew "taps," and then in darkness, but for the stars overhead, the vast audience sang "Auld Lang Syne," accompanied by the band. The street lamps were lighted and the people went home.

On the Pay Streak the celebration was noisy, but orderly, and closed with fireworks, the last pieces being "Good Night," "Good-Bye."

FERRER WAS ONLY AN EDUCATOR

Sought Revolution Only in Education, Say His Friends.

London, Oct. 18.—"Francisco Ferrer was my personal friend," said W. T. Heikens, Russian liberal and newspaper writer, today. "He was the modern Pestalozzi of Spain. He was ardent with enthusiasm, yet regular and a hard worker. This was the secret of his success in creating in Spain, especially in Barcelona and Catalonia, a great popular movement for free national day schools."

"I first met him and his beautiful young wife four years ago at Brussels, in the home of the great geographer, Elisee Reclus. Professor Ferrer then said:

"It is evident that I shall not be allowed to conduct our national schools in Spain, but here in Brussels or in Paris I shall continue my pedagogic work. Capable and devoted friends will take my place in Spain."

"Professor Ferrer hastened back to Spain, owing to illness there of a little niece."

MAN IS TOSSED BY RHINO.

Adventure of Roosevelt's Porter—Much Big Game Killed.

Nairobi, B. E. A., Oct. 17.—The Roosevelt party arrived here this afternoon from the north of Guaso Nyiro. All are well. A porter accompanying the party was tossed by a rhinoceros, but he is recovering.

Colonel Roosevelt has killed three more elephants completing the group intended for the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. He has also killed a bull elephant for the American Museum of Natural History, in New York.

Other game bagged included a rhinoceros with excellent horns, a buffalo, a giraffe, an eland, a zebra, an ostrich and an oryx.

Some skins have been preserved for the Washington museum.

Kermit Roosevelt killed two elephants and an exceptionally large rhinoceros.

Barrie Offers Sacrifice.

London, Oct. 18.—J. M. Barrie, novelist and playwright, did not enter suit for divorce, it is now asserted by his friends, until Gilbert Cannan, whom he named as co-respondent, took a solemn pledge to marry Mrs. Barrie after the decree had been granted. Moreover, as Cannan is not well provided with money, Barrie made a handsome settlement on his wife before he filed his petition for separation, making her financially independent. Throughout the whole affair Barrie acted with the greatest generosity although he was grievously afflicted.

Presidents Meet.

El Paso, Tex., Oct. 18.—The long-expected meeting between President Taft and President Diaz, of the Republic of Mexico, occurred here today. Outwardly it was attended with a display of soldiery, a flare of trumpets, a boom of cannon and a pomp of ceremony suggesting supreme authority, but in the actual handclasp of the two executives and in the exchange of courteous words that passed from lip to lip there was simple but cordial informality.

Storm's Fatalities Grow.

Memphis, Tenn., Oct. 18.—The total death list of the destructive wind storm of Thursday was increased today by the belated reports to 46. Eleven more dead were discovered.

What Gold Cannot Buy

BY MRS. ALEXANDER

Author of "A Crooked Path," "Maid, Wife or Widow," "By Woman's Will," "Destiny's Bargain," "A Life Interlude," "Mona's Choice," "A Woman's Secret."



WHAT GOLD CANNOT BUY is one of the star stories. It is rarely that a better one is offered. Its class is that of the home circle, and this powerful serial is recommended for its forceful delineation of every-day characters in connection with simple, yet animating, incidents that form the history of interesting lives.

Mrs. Saville is a wealthy, self-willed woman, whose imperious nature brooks no opposition. She really believes that her money will buy her not only luxury and ease, but power. She thinks that power will enable her to gain and guide those about her to her own will, but she finds that there is something that gold will not buy, namely, love.

In a most interesting way the romance tells how her son, Hugh Saville, marries the girl of his choice against the wishes of his mother. She turns him from her home and he is sent to war. His wife determines, during his absence, to win the love of the selfish mother. Under a false name she becomes engaged as the companion of Mrs. Saville.

The story of her trials, her patience, her humiliations brings out the nobility of her true nature and perfect womanhood. Day by day she wins the love of the lonely old woman, whose false pride and wasted wealth sink into nothingness in the final reconciliation with her son, and this charming romance ends in a happiness that has been well and worthily won by a most captivating and worthy heroine.

CHAPTER I.

Mrs. Saville had stayed unusually long in town, and, at the moment chosen to open this story, was sitting at the writing-table in her private room, a richly-furnished and luxurious apartment with yellow brocade curtains and stained-glass windows. She was a small, slight woman, with regular, delicate features, quick, dark eyes, and hair nearly white, combed back and surmounted by a tiny cap of exquisite lace with a tuft of scarlet velvet ribbon. The small thin hand which held her pen was loaded with rings that flashed and glittered even in the subdued sunshine, while the other gently caressed the head of a small, silky, pearl-colored dog which lay on a chair beside her.

She was speaking with a fair, large lady about her own age, who occupied an arm chair at the other side of the table, and who was rather gorgeously attired in outdoor dress.

"I am sure I interrupt you. You are always so busy," said the latter, with a comfortable smile, but showing no inclination to move.

"I do not mind being interrupted this morning," returned Mrs. Saville, not too graciously; "my eyes are very tiresome. They smart so when I read or write for any time. I really must get an amanuensis."

"Is it possible? I should never suspect your eyes of being weak. They seem strong enough and sharp enough to see through anything."

"Thank you; they have served my purpose well enough."

"When do you leave town?"

"I am not quite sure. I do not care to go until Hugh returns. He ought to be here now. This scare about trouble with Russia may bring him his appointment to a ship any day, and he ought to be on the spot. He has been ashore now for nearly a year."

"I wonder he chose the navy," said the visitor. "I should think the army must be much the most agreeable profession."

"My dear Lady Olivia! who can account for a young man's vagaries? My son is positively enthusiastic about his profession. He is very scientific, you know, and will, I have no doubt, rise to great eminence."

"Oh, I dare say he is very clever, but he is not a bit like other young men. I confess I do not understand him."

"No," returned Mrs. Saville, with much composure, "I don't suppose you do."

"Not clever enough myself, eh?" said Lady Olivia, with a good-humored smile. "Where is this bright particular star of yours just now?"

"When he last wrote he was still at Nice. He has stayed on there too long, I think. I trust and hope he does not visit Monte Carlo too often; I am not much obliged to Lord Everton for introducing Hugh to his gambling friends there."

"I don't fancy poor Everton's friends are generally what would be considered eligible acquaintances for the young and inexperienced, especially when they have pretty daughters who sing like angels—or prima donnas," she added, with a comfortable laugh.

"Pooh!" cried Mrs. Saville, with a flash of anger in her keen black eyes. "Hugh is quite indifferent to all that nonsense."

"Is he? What an unnatural monster!" said Lady Olivia, rising. "I wish I could say the same of my

George! However, he has taken to admire married women lately—which is a great relief."

Mrs. Saville also stood up, and rang the bell. "Where is Everton just now? I want him so much to write to his cousin, Captain Brydges, on Hugh's behalf. I don't understand how it was he did not do so before on his own account."

"Oh, nobody knows where Everton is to be found. He is coming to us in September at Herondyke."

"Lady Olivia Lumley's carriage," said Mrs. Saville to the man who answered the bell.

"Good morning, then, dear Elizabeth. Don't try your eyes too much. Shall we meet you at the Montgomery's to-night?"

"No; I am really sick of society."

"My dear, you must be seriously ill!" cried Lady Olivia, with another good-humored but rather silly laugh, and the sisters-in-law shook hands, and parted.

Mrs. Saville picked up her little dog and took a turn up and down the room with it under her left arm, a look of extreme annoyance quivering in her eyes. "What a fool that woman is!" she murmured to herself; "not even a well-bred fool! and to look at her, who would imagine she was the daughter of one earl, the sister of another? yet there she is, started by the mere accident of birth in a position which cost me all my fortune, my aristocratic marriage, my brains, to achieve. Still, I do not complain; had these class distinctions not existed, there would have been nothing to strive for, nothing to attain. Still, Lady Olivia is a fool; you are a wiseacre to her, my precious Prince," she continued, patting the dog's head; "you are a natural aristocrat; so is Hugh, though he has some abominably radical ideas."

Here the footman opened the door, and said, deferentially, "If you please, 'm, Mr. Rawson would like to see you."

"Yes, certainly. Show him up."

In a few minutes the door again opened, to admit a gentleman, a short, stout, well-dressed man, slightly breathless, and apparently well braced up in his admirably-fitting clothes. His hair and complexion were of that neutral tint which is termed "pepper and salt," his eyes light gray and twinkling with a perception of the ridiculous, and his air, though it was politely respectful, showed a certain assured familiarity indicative of a confidential position.

"Well, Mr. Rawson," said Mrs. Saville, resuming her seat and placing her small favorite on the chair beside her, "what has brought you here to-day?"

Her tone was considerably more amiable than it had been to her previous visitor.

"What will I hope, give you satisfaction. I fancy we will succeed in getting that piece of the Everton property you have been so anxious to purchase, for your price, and it will be a decided bargain. I am to see the vendor's solicitor finally on Thursday, when I fancy he will come in to our terms."

"I am very pleased, Mr. Rawson, very pleased indeed. I must say, you always manage my business most satisfactorily. But you say several farms on the property are unlet. Now, I want my money to bring me in a decent percentage. What do you propose doing with the land?"

"Where upon solicitor and client plunged into an animated discussion, in which Mrs. Saville proved herself to be a shrewd woman of business."

"Well, Mr. Rawson," she said, after a short pause, "respecting a smaller matter, yet not an unimportant one. Have you made any inquiries about an amanuensis or companion for me?"

"I hardly thought you were serious in the wish you expressed—"

"I am, exceedingly serious," she interrupted. "My maid, who has just left me, was really a very superior person, and could read aloud very well; now I have a totally different woman. I must have some one who is fairly educated, who can write, and keep accounts, and read French—I like French novels; she must be fit to associate with, yet ready to leave me to myself at a nod; I cannot be hampered with any one whose feelings I have to consider. She must have pleasant manners and a sweet voice, and look fit to be seen at luncheon and when she comes out with me."

"My dear madam, you have indeed set me a task! You must give me some time to find out such a treasure."

"I cannot give you much time. You must find her as soon as you possibly can. Advertise in all the papers; heaps of young women will apply; pick out one or two, but on no account let me be worried with an indiscriminate string of candidates; I know I shall be disgusted with them. I will not ask any of my acquaintances; they always recommend the most unsuitable people and are offended if you do not take their proteges. Then they bore you with pitiful stories. No, my dear Mr. Rawson, let it be a purely business matter."

"I shall do my best. Suppose I try an advertisement in a provincial paper—"

"Do what you like; only remember I must have a presentable, well-educated, well-mannered young woman—young, mind, who will save me trouble, not give me any."

"The labors of Hercules were a trifle to this," sighed Mr. Rawson.

"Oh, you will do it as cleverly as you do everything. Now, tell me, have you heard anything of my son lately?"

"Of which, may I ask?—Mr. Saville?"

"No; of Hugh."

"Well, no, not for a week. He was at Nice, I think."

"I know that, and it makes me uneasy. Why does he stay there? Is not the season?"

"Are you afraid of Monte Carlo? don't think you need be. Mr. Hugh Saville never was inclined to gamble."

"I am afraid of something worse—a designing woman."

"Indeed!" And Mr. Rawson glanced curiously at her.

"Tea," continued Mrs. Saville, staring the little dog's head thoughtfully. "When he was abroad some time he made the acquaintance of a young old gambling, disreputable friend, Lord Everton's. This man has a daughter, and I heard accidentally that Hugh was a great deal with her. When my son returned I warned him against such penniless adventures. He laughed in an odd, bitter way, and said, 'Don't trouble yourself, my dear mother; Miss Hilton would not look at me! I at once saw some deep scheme in this; don't you?'"

"Well, I can't possibly say; there are so many sides to human nature, feminine human nature especially. The young lady must be rather peculiar if she would not look at Mr. Hugh Saville. I should say he was rather a pleasant object."

"I know you are fond of Hugh, Mr. Rawson; your regard for him strengthens the old ties that your excellent service has created."

"Humph!" said Rawson to himself, "does she think I am her footman?"

"Yes," he observed, "your son was a true friend to my poor wild lad. It owing to him that he is what he is now, and has a chance of a respectable life."

"I am very glad he was of use to your son," returned Mrs. Saville, with an air of infinite superiority. "But Mr. Rawson, do you not think Hugh's answer evasive?"

"Mr. Hugh Saville is never evasive. He may have been a little buffed with the young lady."

"Then she was on the track of some other prey," said Mrs. Saville, scornfully. "I have an admirable match for Hugh, desirable in every way; so when I found he had wandered back to Nice and was lingering there, I did not a little uneasy."

"Did you say the young lady's name is Hilton?" asked Rawson, suddenly. "Yes; her father is, or calls himself, Captain Hilton."

"Then I don't think you need distress yourself. I saw the death of a Captain Hilton about a fortnight ago in a newspaper. He died somewhere in France, but not at Nice. I noticed the name because—oh, because I have heard Lord Everton speak of him."

"How can you tell if it be the same?" Mrs. Saville was beginning, with great animation, when the butler appeared, carrying on a silver a large envelope bearing the inscription "On Her Majesty's Service" and addressed to Lieutenant Hugh Saville.

"This is some appointment for my son," cried Mrs. Saville. "I knew it would come in this unexpected way. It is not maddening that he should be absent?" As she spoke, she tore the letter open and glanced at it, and exclaiming, "Yes, as I thought!" handed it to her confidential adviser. He took it, and read as follows:

"Admiralty, Whitehall, July 26. 'Sir—I have the honor to inform you that you are appointed to H. M. S. Vortigern, Flag-ship of Admiral Warlaw, on the West Indian Station."

"You will proceed by the Mail leaving Southampton on the 26th instant for Port Royal, Jamaica."

"If H. M. S. Vortigern has left, you will report yourself to the Senior Naval Officer, from whom you will get directions where to join your ship."

"I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant."

"ROBERT BROWN, 'Secretary to the Admiralty: 'To Lieutenant Hugh Saville, 'Stafford Square, S. W.'"